Hannigram Tumblr Prompts

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Hannigram Tumblr Prompts

by peacefrog

Summary

A collection of shorter prompts I have filled on tumblr.

Notes

Prompt: Hey, Holly! i've got a prompt for murder husbands. some laughing during sex, please?

Amore

Hannibal was settled down between Will's thighs, reciting Dante in the original Italian against his skin. No matter how hard he tried, Will couldn't keep himself from laughing.

"You're ridiculous," Will said, tears prickling in his eyes, "and my name isn't Beatrice."

Hannibal nosed along the crease of Will's thigh. "*D'allora innanzi dico che Amore segnoreggiò la mia anima…*"

Will understood exactly one word. *Amore*. He laughed so hard the bed shook beneath them.

"Are you going to do this every time you suck my cock?"

Hannibal raised his head, eyes dark and serious. "Sì."

Will's laugh was swallowed up by a gasp as Hannibal licked a stripe up the underside of his length. He sucked the head of Will's cock between his lips and punctuated it with more Italian, the words flowing like music from his tongue.

Amore.

Will sighed and threaded his fingers in Hannibal's hair. "How would you feel if I started reciting fly tying procedures instead of taking you in my mouth?"

"Everything pales in comparison to what spills from your lips," Hannibal assured him, wrapping one strong hand around the base of his cock, "even Dante."

Will began laughing again, deep rumbles that rolled up from his core and broke out into the night. Hannibal's words kept flowing out. Will ached from his neck right down to his toes. It was going to be a very long night.

Nightmare Cats

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: @granpappy-winchester requested a Hannigram fic incorporating my nightmare cat plaques, so here it is.

Saturday mornings in Baltimore meant lazy strolls around the inner harbor. The water took on the color of the clouds, murky gray and endless. Vendors dotted the area in and around the red brick pier. Will and Hannibal walked arm-in-arm, bellies full and sated from breakfast.

There were stalls filled with artisan jewelry and subpar arts and crafts. The over-sweet pastries wafted on the air and soured in Hannibal's nose. Will stopped to pet every dog that wandered by.

Hannibal let go of Will's hand as he stopped to purchase beautiful bunches of rhubarb and swiss chard. By the time he had filled his shopping bag and paid the vendor, Will was nowhere in sight.

Hannibal found him several booths over, admiring painted stone plaques that could hardly be categorized as art. Will bowed himself in half across the table, admiring every detail. Hannibal approached from behind and startled him upright with a hand to the small of his back.

"You wandered off," Hannibal said, stiffly looking over the pieces that had so captured Will's attention.

"Sorry, I saw a dog. And then I found these. Aren't they amazing?"

The plaques were kitschy and nightmarish. Elongated cats with bodies like spires stood in fields of flowers, tails swirled above their heads, birds pecking at their fur. Their humanlike eyes and stone smiles would undoubtedly frighten children.

"That's not entirely the word I would use."

"I was thinking for the kitchen."

"Will."

Will sighed. "When we moved in together, we agreed there would be compromise."

"I've allowed you to bring your dogs into my home."

Will's eyes narrowed. "Our home."

“Our home. I have my study and you have yours. I don’t complain when you forget to take your boots off after you’ve been fishing.”

“That’s not called compromise, Hannibal. It’s called living. Shouldn’t I get to choose at least some of our decor?”

Hannibal straightened his spine. He could feel agitation drifting in like a fog. “Yes, but perhaps not these.”

Will deflated and turned his back. “Alright. I’m ready to go home.”

Hannibal scented the air. It was certain to rain soon. He followed Will close behind until they reached the car, feeling quite the opposite of victorious.

—

The following morning Will left before dawn to go fishing. They hadn’t made love the night before, sleeping in their own tight corners of the bed, bodies hardly touching.

Hannibal hopped in his car and drove back to the inner harbor, pleased to find all the vendors back from the day before. He went to the stall with the nightmare cats and bought the two plaques he deemed to be the least awful of the bunch. He drove them back home wrapped in tissue paper and stuffed into a bag on the passenger seat.

Will arrived home around noon, a small bundle of fish slung over his shoulder, boots still on as he trudged into the kitchen.

“Got dinner,” he said flatly.

“Wonderful,” Hannibal said, finding his heart suddenly racing. How his body betrayed him when it came to the man scowling on the other side of the counter.

The plaques hung side-by-side near the doorway. Will had yet to notice them with his back turned. He dropped the fish into the tray Hannibal had set out and turned to make his exit. He stopped in his tracks when his eyes caught sight of Hannibal’s gift.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will’s waist from behind and nuzzled into his hair. “I wanted to surprise you.”

Will gripped Hannibal’s forearms. His hands were cold but warmed against Hannibal’s skin. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Would it be too much to ask you why you like them so much?”

“We had this painting that hung in our trailer when I was little, around ten maybe. My dad said it had been painted by my mother. I never knew her but through her tall cats and lopsided flowers.” Will leaned back into Hannibal’s chest and sighed. “We moved and dad left it behind. I never forgot it though.”

Hannibal pressed a kiss against Will’s temple. “And now you never will.”

Apocalypse AU

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Oh! Because I know you like TWD, how about a Zombie Hannigram AU?

They'd been on the run for weeks or months. The clocks didn't work anymore and Will had lost all sense of time. It could have been years for all he knew, the days all bleeding into one bleak and endless night.

Will had never seen Hannibal so unkempt, hair long and unwashed, matting in some places and falling well past his ears and into his eyes. Their beards were full and thick, Hannibal's streaked through with silver-gray.

They huddled together in the bathroom of what used to be a convenience store. Now it was nothing more than a filth-covered shack housing skeletal empty shelves and the ghosts of what would never be again.

"We should try the other side of town," Will said, puffing hot breath against his freezing fingers. Winter threatened her arrival. "If we can't scavenge anything, there's a patch of woods I know well. Maybe I can get us a deer."

Hannibal wrapped an arm around Will's shoulder and pulled him close. "You know what we need to do."

"We're not doing that."

"You weren't so morally opposed to it before all of this began."

Will sighed and breathed against Hannibal's warm neck. "It's not about morality. It's not safe. We don't know how else this spreads. Do you really want to risk eating tainted meat?"

"My nose has yet to fail us. And I would eat first, just to be sure."

"No." Will's voice turned to ice on the air. "No, I won't let you. I can't…"

"Shhh." Hannibal soothed a hand down Will's arm and pulled him closer still. "You won't have to."

Will shivered and buried his face in Hannibal's chest, half in his lap and clinging tight. "Let's just try the other side of town, okay?" Will choked back tears clawing at his throat. "Maybe we can find some place warm to settle in for a few days."

"Alright," Hannibal agreed, softly pressing a kiss into the mess of Will's unwashed hair.

The Lamb

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Finally, in case neither of those work, season 2, car ride conversation c: Not a specific one, just... I dunno, things they say and/or do in the car because WOW we need those deets xp

Rain pattered the windows of Hannibal's Bentley, the rack of lamb he would serve that night wrapped and resting in Will's lap in the passenger seat. They had never before been shopping together. It felt entirely too normal in the middle of their hellish dream.

"This meal should be a joint effort from start to finish," Hannibal had said. Will couldn't say no after that, guilt and shame and want clawing at the backs of his eyes.

Puddles kicked up beneath the tires and sent streaks of dirty water out into the haze of evening. The sun was blotted out beneath a thick layer of smoke-gray clouds.

"Have you ever cooked lamb before, Will?" Hannibal asked, pulling Will out of his daze.

They were stopped at an intersection, no other cars in sight, red light glowing like a watchful eye.

"The only time I've eaten lamb has been at your table." Will wondered how often that lamb had been more man than animal. He ran his fingers along the butcher paper, feeling the smooth dip of bone inside.

"If you'd like, you may choose how we prepare it. I have several recipes to choose from."

Red went dark and clicked to green. The car journeyed on, slow. They were taking the long way back home.

Home. Will allowed himself, for a moment, to think of it that way.

"How often do you visit your butcher?" Will asked.

Hannibal glanced over. His soft eyes said he knew what Will was asking. "When the occasion arises. Some slaughters require a more personal touch."

"But not tonight."

Hannibal gripped the wheel with both hands at the stop sign, then slowly rolled on through. "Butchery is not always personal." Another stop sign. Hannibal let the car idle as he turned to Will. "The source of tonight's meal is less important than what we do with it. Together."

For a brief moment Will believed Hannibal was going to kiss him. Dark eyes darted to his lips. Will's whole body tensed. He wanted it.

The car began to move again. Will let out the breath he hadn't realized he had been holding. He gazed down at the slaughter held in his lap, cradled it in the palms of his hands.

It could be like this forever, Will thought dimly.

The car turned one last time. In the distance Will could just make out the unassuming shape of Hannibal's house. The rain continued to fall. The sky darkened still.

The Poison in the Wine

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: An old murderous patient of Hannibal's comes calling on the murder husbands post-fall and is like "why not me?!" and will is a jealous little sinnamon roll

How had Hannibal not smelled the poison in the wine? Perhaps he had, Will thought. Perhaps curiosity had simply gotten the better of him.

They were bound back-to-back, hands half numb from the ropes at their wrists squeezing far too tight.

"Hello, Benjamin," Hannibal drawled, calm. His fingers stretched back to rub idly against Will's knuckles. "It's been some time. Are you well?"

Benjamin. Will had heard Hannibal mention that name before, years ago. He squeezed his eyes shut and tried to clear the fog from his mind.

Benjamin's eyes grew wide. Endless black voids swallowing the light. "I haven't been well since you ended our doctor-patient relationship, Dr. Lecter."

"Ending our relationship was in your best interest. I couldn't help you after Klaus."

Benjamin spoke through clenched teeth. "You were the only one who could help me."

Will remembered. The former patient who had come to Hannibal after the death of his lover. Hannibal had given him a referral, for his own good he'd said. Will knew Hannibal had simply cut him loose in the hopes it would be the final push over the edge.

Clearly it had been.

Benjamin had a large hunting knife clutched in one hand. He waved it wildly as he spoke. "After Klaus, after seeing him like that, it made me… feel things I didn't understand. After finding out what you are, it all made sense. Our connection. We're the same."

Will couldn't help but smirk. He knew Hannibal was doing the same, could hear it in his voice when he spoke. "We're not the same, Benjamin. What you did to our wine was quite rude."

"Tell me," Benjamin croaked, pointing the knife in the general direction of Will's face, "why him? Why is he so special?"

Hannibal gripped Will's thumb between two strong fingers. "Will and I are just alike," he said, voice dripping, slow. "Picture what you felt for Klaus. Let the memory flood your veins and swell beneath your eyes. Recall it as it were the day you loved him more than you've ever loved another thing… That feeling is a fraction of what I feel for the man tied at my back."

Only Hannibal Lecter would taunt the unstable former patient who had drugged, bound, and was currently holding them at knife-point. Will bit his tongue, fighting the urge to do the very same.

"I'll love you more than he does. I have no limits."

Will scoffed, unable to help himself. "Please," he said flatly. "You'll fall on that blade and save us all the trouble if you know what's good for you."

Benjamin snarled, feral and wild. He lunged at Will with the blade and Hannibal swung their bodies around with all his strength, kicking Benjamin's legs out from underneath him and sending the knife clanging to the floor.

Suddenly, Hannibal's hands were free. Of course he'd been able to escape all along. Will would expect nothing less.

Hannibal was on him before Benjamin could get back to his feet. His neck cracked quick and clean. His body fell limp against the floor.

"A little help here?" Will pulled at the ropes still binding his wrists.

Hannibal picked up the knife and cut the rope clean through. Will stood and rubbed at his chafed skin.

"You should have killed him instead of giving him a referral."

Hannibal tossed the knife down. It landed on Benjamin's back. "He killed three men that I know of after he was released from my care. Patience was a virtue, in this case."

"I'm not eating him," Will said, frowning down at the body on the floor.

"And you don't have to." Hannibal pulled Will close, kissed the corner of his downturned lips. "We have plenty of leftovers in the freezer."

Rainy Day Cuddles

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: For a prompt, Hannigram featuring rainy day cuddling? Bonus if a dog(s) is(are) included.

The floppy eared mutt spun in circles at their feet. Will smiled as her body thudded to the floor, finally satisfied with her position. Outside rain pattered against the windows and tapped a steady rhythm on the roof.

“Have you decided on a name?” Hannibal asked, curling his arm around Will’s shoulder and pulling him close.

“Not yet.” Will sighed. “It’ll come to me.”

“Names are important. Knowing what to call something–or someone–carves out a space for it in our hearts and minds.”

The wind picked up and rustled leaves. A spindly length of tree branch rapped against the window. “You don’t like her.”

“She still smells terribly of the gutter we found her in. I’m sure it will dissipate in time.”

“I bathed her three times. Not her fault you have more scent receptors than she does.”

Hannibal smiled against Will’s temple. “Unlikely.”

Will curled into Hannibal’s side and buried his face in the softness of his sweater. “Close.”

“Perhaps.”

The two of them sat silent for a moment, the rain and the wind and the soft pull of their new companion breathing the only sounds. Hannibal was warm and Will began nosing at the side of his neck.

“Are you going to make me dinner?” Will’s voice dipped low, pawing softly at the front of Hannibal’s sweater.

“I’ll make you anything you’d like.” Hannibal lifted Will’s chin and pressed their lips together. Their tongues dragged slow and sweet before pulling away. “Tell me what you’d like.”

Will drew in a deep breath. The rain against the windows blotted out the world. “I haven’t decided on that yet, either. Maybe we should just stay like this a little longer.”

Hannibal smiled, the sharp edges of his teeth peeking out. They kissed again, this time more heated. Will pushed his hands up under Hannibal’s sweater. Rain clouds blossomed into thunder. At their feet, the mutt began to snore.

Go On, Then.

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Sometimes @granpappy-winchester sends me very inspiring visuals. Sometimes I write porn about them.

“How are you feeling, Will?” Hannibal blindly swirled the whisky around in his glass, eyes fixed on Will’s face.

“Horny.” The word tumbled from Will’s lips, devoid of thought. It took several seconds for him to realize he’d said it aloud.

They had nearly polished off the entire bottle of rye over the course of the evening and Will was well and truly drunk. He met Hannibal’s gaze, hungry dark eyes flickering alive with flame. Hannibal licked his lips, set down his glass, and stumbled only slightly on his way out of the room.

Will sat in his armchair staring out the window for minutes after Hannibal had gone. It was a dark night cast in the shadow of a new moon and the whole world fell silent and still. He dug his fingers into the leather armrests and inhaled slow. His cock was painfully hard and he had to hold onto the back of the chair for a moment after standing to stop the room around him spinning.

It was unlike Hannibal to be stunned speechless, or to leave so abruptly mid-conversation, but Will’s confession combined with the alcohol made for quite the unlikely situation. Hannibal was either offended or intrigued, and after a short stumble down the hall to Hannibal’s room Will’s curiosity found its answer.

Hannibal had stripped himself naked, save for the pants shoved down around his ankles. He was bent over the foot of his bed with his thighs spread wide, hard cock pressed downward and leaking on the sheets. There was a slick sheen running from the base of his spine down to his balls, Hannibal’s hole deftly prepared for the taking.

“What are you…” Will squeezed his eyes shut and tried to shake the fog from his mind. “What are you doing?”

“Is this not acceptable?” Hannibal asked over his shoulder, words muffled by the awkward angle.

Will’s cock throbbed so hard he was certain it was going to burst right out of his pants. “This is…” Will squeezed himself through his pants and bit his lips against a whimper. “This is unexpected.”

“But is it unwanted? You’re aroused and in need. I’m more than happy to provide you with some relief.”

Will’s body clouded all rational thought left in the drunken haze of his mind. He undid his fly as he approached, pants shoved down around his ankles as well by the time he reached the bed.

“Go on, then. Take what you need.” Hannibal pushed himself back eagerly as Will’s cock head rubbed against his entrance.

Will strangled out a sob as he pushed into the slick, inviting heat Hannibal had prepared for him. He fucked in, relentless, a mindless beast giving himself over to aching instinct. Hannibal gave as well as he took, fucking himself back onto Will’s length as he fisted the sheets and cried out in some language Will’s ears failed to recognize.

Will came so hard tears spilled from his eyes with his release, fingers digging into the warm flesh at Hannibal’s hips. Hannibal writhed against the sheets as Will filled him up, cock shooting hot spurts against the floor and the pants trapping his ankles.

Will fell to his knees on the cold wood floor and tried to steady his breathing. After a moment, Hannibal joined him.

“Feeling better?”

Will swallowed dryly and choked out a laugh. “That was incredible.”

Hannibal brushed the sweat-slicked hair from Will’s eyes. “You know where I am, and where you can always find me, should the need ever arise.”

They got cleaned up and went back to their chairs, Hannibal happy to continue their idle conversation as if nothing had just happened. They drank more whisky until the bottle was gone. Will reached for Hannibal’s hand in the space between them, smiling.

Chopping Block

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Orrr... hmmm... on the run, Hannibal tries to chop wood and Will is like 'No, no, Hanni you are doing it wrong let a REAL lumberjack show you how it's done' and sweaty, flannely, beardy Will huffing and puffing in the snow and Hannibal can't keep his hands off him X3

Will stepped out into the yard and shoved his hands deep into the pockets of his coat. His breath steamed in the air, trailing up and away and mingling with the endless gray of the sky. The ground was blanketed in snow, the first of the season, clinging to barren branches and turning the whole world crystal-white.

Hannibal was huffing near the woodpile, lifting the axe high above his head and letting it fall down onto the log on the chopping block. It splintered and cracked uneven. Hannibal brushed the pieces off and placed another log on the block.

“Hey,” Will said, approaching from behind. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s waist rubbed his face into the wool of his coat. “How about some coffee?”

“That sounds wonderful. Thank you.”

Will smiled and spun Hannibal around. “Yours always comes out so much better.”

Hannibal thumbed at Will’s cheek with a gloved hand. “When I’m finished here, then.”

“Hannibal,” Will drawled, crowding into him and slipping the axe from Hannibal’s hand. “You’re really good at making coffee, cooking me… anything and everything I want. You’re great at just about everything.”

Hannibal eyed the uneven pieces of wood scattered in the snow. “Just about.”

“I’ve been doing this my whole life.”

Hannibal frowned and pulled away. “It’s not as if I’m unfamiliar with manual labor.”

Murder tableaus flashed behind Will’s eyes. Hannibal was strong and capable. Splitting wood with an axe might have been the one exception. “Just… let me. My shoulder’s healed. I want to.”

Hannibal stepped back from the chopping block. “As you wish.”

He didn't head back toward the house, though. Hannibal stood off to the side, eyes trained on Will with intent. Will measured the weight of the axe in his hand and got a good feel for it. The sharp blade cut right down the middle of the log as he swung it up over his head and down again. Two perfectly portioned pieces fell from either side of the block.

Will turned to Hannibal with a smirk. "How about that coffee then?"

Hunger spilled from Hannibal's eyes. "For now, I'm quite enjoying the show."

Will's face burned in spite of the weather. Under Hannibal's hard gaze he felt his blood begin to simmer. He forced himself to turn away and back to the task at hand, splitting log after log with mechanical precision.

When he'd built up a sizable pile, breath coming out in quick, hot puffs into the cold, he swung the axe down to stick in the block and Hannibal was on him in an instant.

Hannibal nuzzled into the back of his hair, hands groping at the thick fabric of his coat. "You do that very well."

Will pressed back into Hannibal's heat. "I know how to handle my wood."

Hannibal smiled into the back of Will's neck. He pressed hot kisses into the cold flesh of Will's nape. "You do, indeed."

Will sighed. "Will you build me a fire?"

"Would you like your coffee before or after?"

"After, I think."

Hannibal sighed. He was hard through all the layers separating their flesh. "As you wish, my love."

Warm and Sweet

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Hi, your blog always makes me smile. I'm on a rather exhausting life situation at the moment, so could you write something short about Hannibal and Will cuddling or just doing some domestic stuff etc? Something sweet and warm.

Will awoke in a daze, cocooned in dark and unable to move his arms. Panic set in as he gasped for air, trying to make his way back to the light.

“Will?” Hannibal’s voice pierced the fog of Will’s mind. The darkness fell away and was replaced with the sharp lines of Hannibal’s face, cut through with lamplight. “I was beginning to worry.”

“What happened?”

Will tried to move his arms again, this time realizing why it felt so impossible. He lay wrapped tight in a bundle of blankets, clutched close in Hannibal’s lap.

“I found you out in the yard, face down in the snow. You hadn’t been there long, but you were very cold.”

The last thing Will remembered was being fast asleep in his bed. “How did I get there?” He tried to sit up, but Hannibal held him close, cradling Will in his arms like a child. “I haven’t been having headaches, but do you think it could be…”

“Though it may be difficult, I need to you trust I would know if the encephalitis had returned. And that I would tell you.” Hannibal pressed his warm hand to Will’s forehead. “No fever. This was likely a side effect of the medication. You’re healing well. Perhaps it’s time to wean your body off the narcotics.”

Will groaned. “Okay. Can I sit up?”

Hannibal helped Will into a sitting position, but continued to hold on tight to his chest. “If you promise not to move, I’ll make you chocolat chaud.”

Will huffed out a tired laugh. “Hot chocolate?”

“If you prefer, though I suspect the kind you’re used to likely came in a packet.”

Will sighed and leaned into the crook of Hannibal’s neck. Aside from their moment on the cliffside, they’d never cuddled before. Will found he was starved for it. “Don’t knock it,” he sighed, then yawned. “I’m sure whatever you bring me will be amazing.”

Hannibal breathed in the scent of Will's hair. "Just try and relax."

Hannibal left Will curled in on himself and the mass of blankets on the couch, dozing in and out of sleep. In his half-dreaming state he could recall being pulled from his bed and down the hall, the click of hooves beckoning in the distance. A cold nose snuffled at his neck, the beast's massive rack of antlers looming like a cage.

The sound of a tray being set on the side table and the sweet smell of cocoa pulled Will back to reality. With some assistance from Hannibal, Will sat up. Hannibal made to pull Will back into his lap.

"You don't have to do that."

Hannibal's face was impossible to read, though his posture remained soft. "I know."

Will allowed Hannibal to take him in his arms, blankets discarded to the floor. Hannibal reached for one steaming mug and Will wrapped his hands around it, warmed to the bone from the scent alone. Heat seeped into his fingers as he sipped, the thick, rich chocolate rushing across his tongue. It was quite possibly the most delicious thing he'd ever tasted.

Will downed half the mug and set it back on the tray. He'd thought that, at some point, they would talk about what had happened, what they'd both felt simmering there on the cliff. Years of unspoken ache spilling over the edge with them. Instead, Will curled into Hannibal's warmth and nosed into his neck. Not everything needed to be spoken.

"Thank you."

Hannibal's strong hands held onto Will tight. "You're welcome. How are you feeling?"

"Tired. Warm." Will dragged his nose up to Hannibal's jaw. "Good. You make me feel good."

Hannibal hummed and leaned down to nuzzle Will's face, right beneath the line of his scar and into his beard. Their eyes fell shut, and just like that they were kissing. It seemed the most natural thing in the world, the two of them there on the couch, warm and sated and sleepy. Will flashed back to the cliffside in his mind, tasting coppered sweetness on his tongue.

Hannibal pulled back, trembling, breathing hot against Will's lips. "It's very late. Would you like to get back to bed now?"

Will smiled and kissed the corner of Hannibal's mouth. "Maybe I should sleep in your room for the rest of the night. Just in case."

For a moment, Hannibal ceased all movement, even his breathing seemed to still in his chest. "Yes," he said, breathing once again. His eyes were wide and dark. "I think that would be for the best."

Coat Room

Chapter Notes

> For @granpappy-winchester, who wanted more of Will in his Halloween costume, aka the shortest schoolgirl skirt Hannibal could find. There is nothing but smut here.

The coat room was dark, the party a gentle buzz looming just outside the door. Hannibal pushed Will face first against it and flipped up the back of his skirt.

“You’ve scandalized all the guests.”

Will moaned as Hannibal licked a stripe up the back of his neck, then sunk his teeth in. “Are you forgetting who picked this out for me?”

Hannibal palmed at Will’s ass through the lace of his panties. “How could I forget? You’re my most spectacular work yet.”

Hannibal’s arms laced around Will’s waist and pulled him close. Hannibal began to rut hard against Will’s ass, the jut of his erection tenting his pants and resting right between Will’s cheeks.

“Is that what I am to you? Something you can shape and mold as you please?”

Hannibal pulled back and unzipped his fly, shoved his pants down to his ankles. “I would never dream of changing you,” he said, tugging at Will’s panties until they were stretched around his knees.

There was a rustling in the dark, then two slick fingers began circling Will’s hole. Will leaned his head back against Hannibal’s chest, breathless. “Just fuck me.”

Hannibal’s warm lips grazed Will’s ear. “Gladly, my love.”

Will’s curls were tied in twin pigtails that grazed his shoulders. Hannibal toyed with them with one hand as he opened Will with the other. One finger, then two, pausing to add more lube before pushing in with a third. Will fucked himself back onto Hannibal’s thick digits, his leaking cock ruining the front of his skirt.

Hannibal pulled his fingers free and slid the curve of his thick cock right between Will’s cheeks. He started to move, teasing across Will’s open hole. “My beautiful boy,” he purred into Will’s ear, fingers digging into his hips beneath the skirt. “I think you like the way they all look at you.”

Will could only moan, grasping blindly in the dark for Hannibal’s body behind him.

“Should I open the door and let them see?”

With no more preamble Hannibal pushed in, pressing Will’s body flat against the door. All the air punched out of Will’s lungs. Their bodies moved together like a practiced dance, slick sounds filling the darkened chamber of the room. Hannibal fucked deep and held on tight with hands that sought to bruise. Will’s fingers scrabbled on the door, his cock a quickening ache between his legs.

Hannibal reached around and wrapped one strong hand around Will’s erection. “Will you allow me to dress you again? Something racier next time, I think.”

A laugh cut through Will’s moans. “Racier than a skirt that barely covers my cock?”

“Something only for my eyes, perhaps.” Hannibal gathered pre-come and spread it down Will’s shaft. His hips snapped in time with his strokes. “The finest satin and lace caressing your skin”

Will choked on his own words as the darkness swirled around them. He pictured himself in the middle of their bed, firelight dancing on his skin, delicate bows adorning his hips. His balls drew tight as Hannibal continued to fuck and stroke, nipping at the back of his neck, sucking kisses just behind his ear.

“Yes. Yes. Anything you want,” Will groaned, coming all over the door and the toes of his own shoes. Hannibal followed close behind, filling him to the brim with sticky warmth.

Hannibal pulled out and rested his head on Will’s shoulder. Their chests heaved in tandem, two beasts moving as one in the night. Hannibal helped Will pull his panties back up and tucked himself back into his pants. Will didn’t bother cleaning the mess from his shoes.

“I want to go home,” Will said, opening the door and pulling Hannibal behind. “But first, let’s go scandalize a few more guests.”

a familiar face

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: AU in which Will used to be a porn actor and around mid-season 1, Hannibal finds one of the movies he was in and is more aroused than he has ever been his entire life it's like rediscovering Will completely because he is SO YOUNG AND THOSE DAMN LONG CURLS AND THAT CHILDISH ACTING AND BASICALLY RIP HANNIBAE

Hannibal had never felt the urge to turn to pornography, content with memory to keep him company when the need arose. A new patient with a sex addiction piqued his curiosity. Such an addiction would make for an interesting study–and an amusing mind with which to toy, perhaps, if boredom struck–but Hannibal knew he would first need to do his research.

He'd only been on the website for five minutes when a familiar face in a thumbnail caught his eye. Clicking on the video, there was no mistaking the star, even if he were significantly younger than Hannibal had ever known. Will couldn't have been older than twenty, fresh-faced with a cascade of soft ringlets falling into his eyes. He was sprawled out nude on a bed with his thighs spread wide, moaning and writhing on the sheets as another man lavished his pretty pink cock.

Hannibal grew rock hard in the time it took him to draw in a half dozen shaking breaths. On the screen Will continued to moan. The shot was cropped close on his face, focused on his pleasure, his wet lips parted and eyes squeezed shut. Sweat beaded down his throat and across his chest as the shot panned down. A close-up of his cock gliding smooth into the other man's mouth had Hannibal setting his tablet on the desk and unfastening his belt.

Hannibal shoved his pants down around his knees and took his cock into his hand. He began to stroke as on the screen the man pushed Will's knees up to his chest and dipped his tongue in to lap at his hole. Will's moans grew more desperate, a high keening sound rattling the tablet's speakers and flooding Hannibal's office with a beautiful, filthy din.

Hannibal came the moment the other man began to finger Will open, exposing the delicate, slick skin of his entrance to the camera. He stroked himself right through the aftershocks and held his softness in his sticky hand through to the end of the video, enthralled and hypnotized by the sights and sounds. Whoever had uploaded the clip cut it short just before the penetration began, and a heady mix of relief and disappointment bloomed in Hannibal's chest.

He cleaned himself up with his pocket square and looked at the clock. Seven-fifteen in the evening. He tucked the tablet away in his desk and went to the restroom to wash his hands. He returned to his desk and watched the clock tick down. Will would be arriving any minute.

Hannibal drew in a steady breath and stowed the video away, awaiting completion in a glimmering room just off the foyer of his mind.

jealousy

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: taking prompts? if you are: jealous will of Jack, Alana, Bedelia, everybody.. Your blogs awesome, you're awesome!

Will eyed Hannibal across the table. “You’re sleeping with Alana Bloom.”

“Yes,” Hannibal said, piercing a bite of loin with the tines of his fork. He lifted it to his lips and devoured it slow.

“You’re going to stop that,” Will said flatly, sipping wine that left his lips the color of cherries.

“Am I?”

“Yes. I’d like you to stop seeing her altogether.”

Hannibal smirked, face twisting in the candlelight. “Alana Bloom is one of my dearest friends. I’ve known her for many years, long before you and I ever met.”

Will huffed out a dark laugh and stood, rounding the table until he loomed over Hannibal. “You’ll stop seeing her. Give me your phone.”

Hannibal gazed up at Will and, expressionless, reached into his pocket. “May I ask what for?”

Will held out his hand and calmly waited for Hannibal to place the phone in it. “You may not. Unlock it first, please.”

Hannibal entered his passcode into the screen and handed the phone to Will. “Blocking her number won’t stop her from contacting me. She has a key.”

Will swiped at the screen, wiping away all traces of Hannibal’s lover. “Ask for it back the next time she visits.”

“I’ll be seeing her later tonight.”

Will reached down and pressed two fingers beneath Hannibal’s chin, tilting his gaze upward. He leaned in until the air pushed by their warm breaths mingled, whispering. “Then maybe we can ask her together.”

Hannibal’s eyes glowed crimson, awash with unspeakable hunger. “You would prefer to have me all to yourself.”

“Yes,” Will said, thumbing Hannibal’s cheek, “and that’s exactly what I’m going to have.”

a compromise

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: can I please prompt you for the boys on the run and having to eat fast food? Possibly even (the horror) drive through?

Will wasn't surprised when they survived the fall. Hannibal, he thought, would survive anything, dragging Will right along with him. And he wasn't surprised that Hannibal's skill and knowledge helped them heal quickly and with few complications.

Sitting across from Hannibal in the parking lot, watching him shove fast food burgers into his mouth with pleasure, that managed to take Will off guard.

"Didn't take you for the Big Mac type," Will said, fishing the last cold fry from the cardboard container.

"Things weren't always easy for me as a child," Hannibal replied, crumpling the burger wrapper and tossing it into the bag. "I assure you, I've eaten far worse."

"I just… you didn't put up a fight when I suggested this place. Wouldn't be hard for us to make a stop and find something… more to your liking."

Hannibal pulled another burger from the bag, unwrapping and eating it with as much enthusiasm as the first. "Relationships are about compromise," he said around his mouthful. "What I would find to my liking may not be to yours. As I recall, we don't share the same appetite."

"I don't… It's not… I'm not sure what I have an appetite for anymore. Things are different now."

Hannibal reached across the console for Will's watered down cup of coke. He somehow made sipping through the red-striped straw look elegant. "Then perhaps tomorrow I'll choose what we should have for dinner."

"That only seems fair," Will said, stealing one of Hannibal's fries.

another taste

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: What about post-s3, Will 'teasing' Hannibal just to see how much he'll tolerate? Like, leaving the door open while Will is in the shower or changing, or 'accidental' little touches, etc (just because Will is unsure of how to proceed, and Hannibal is being really careful around Will, waiting for him to make up his mind)

Will trudged from his bedroom to the kitchen, pink boxers set low on his hips, threadbare. He poured himself a cup of coffee and leaned against the counter. Hannibal watched him from the table, eyes hooded and lips drawn tight.

—

Will kept the shorts on through the afternoon. It was early spring and still cool outside, the air raising his nipples into tight peaks in the sun. Will stepped through the yard, barefoot, until he reached Hannibal in the middle of the garden. His hands were dirty, planting tomatoes.

“Thought I’d see if I could help,” Will said, gazing down into Hannibal’s wide eyes.

Hannibal’s head was level with Will’s groin. He licked his lips. “I’m almost finished. You can help me prepare dinner, if you’d like.”

“Alright.”

Will took measured steps on the path back toward the house, stopping once to stretch his arms high above his head. Hannibal was watching when he glanced over his shoulder. Will smiled, curling his toes in the damp grass.

—

Will tied an apron over his shorts. He chopped peppers and onions and tossed them into Hannibal’s hot skillet, stepping back quickly from the sizzling oil.

“Certainly you have something practical to wear for dinner,” Hannibal said, tossing the veggies around in the pan.

“I’m comfortable. Are you not?”

“You could burn yourself. Perhaps I should finish this meal on my own.”

Will smirked, bumping Hannibal’s shoulder. “I’ll go away… if you want me to.”

Hannibal's eyes raked down Will's body. Will turned and Hannibal's gaze was warm as sun against his back.

"Stay," he purred more than spoke. "You can make the salad."

—

Belly full, Will sprawled out on the couch in the back room, overlooking a bank of windows. The sky burned pink and turned the yard into a glimmering jewel. Hannibal served sweet wine. Will sipped his with careless ease, allowing a single purple drop to fall against his chest.

"Will." Hannibal said, breathless. He trapped Will in his dark-eyed gaze.

"Do you have a towel?" Will smirked, letting the drop trickle down, down…

Will spread his arms across the back of the couch like wings and let his chest jut out. Hannibal leaned in, neck bowed, hot mouth drawn to the trail of wine as a moth intoxicated by flame.

Hannibal's lips sealed over a spot just beneath Will's nipple, suckling the sweetness. Will gasped, then groaned. Hannibal lapped at Will's skin until not a hint of wine remained.

Will sighed, content, smile filled with teeth as Hannibal's eyes fell down to the tenting at the front of his shorts. "How does it taste?"

"I'm afraid I haven't had near enough to say for sure. May I have another?"

Will dipped a finger into his glass, painted his lips dark and fragrant. "You may."

Haori

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Hannibal wearing nothing but that short short green kimono mads is wearing. Will sees him

Will let himself in with his key. The one that weeks previous had lived beneath Hannibal's doormat. "You're the only one who uses it," Hannibal had said before slipping it onto Will's keyring. It had been a practical move, but with it something shifted. Cogs clicking, pieces falling into place. A new intimacy taking form where it so long existed shapeless.

Will tossed his jacket onto a hook and kicked off his shoes. He padded toward the light spilling from the kitchen, sweet smells permeating the air. Hannibal was hidden for a moment behind the open door of the refrigerator. When it closed, Will was struck breathless.

"Hello, Will," he said, smiling as he set a pitcher of cream on the counter. He was wearing what Will could only recognize as a short, floral kimono, the length of it hitting high on his thighs.

"H—Hi."

"We're having your favorite. Belgian waffles, fresh berries, and sweet cream."

"That's not my favorite."

Hannibal smirked. "It will be."

Will rounded the counter to block out the distraction of Hannibal's thighs. "Nice kimono."

"It's a haori. And thank you."

Will realized immediately his mistake. The haori was held closed by nothing more than a thin tie at the waist. Hannibal's chest was exposed in a deep vee, and Will couldn't help but wonder if he were wearing anything at all beneath.

"That's… an interesting choice for brunch."

"It was a recent purchase. I owned something similar in my youth." Hannibal tossed berries together with his hands. His fingers came out pink and smelling sweet. "Do you like it?"

Will struggled to swallow around the lump in his throat, his pulse a deafening rush. "It's…" Cogs continued clicking in Will's mind. There could be no denying what Hannibal hoped to hear. "Lovely. You look lovely."

Hannibal's cheeks glowed pink as his berry-stained fingers. "Thank you."

They ate their waffles in the late morning sun. Everything tasted fresh and bright and new. Hannibal, wrapped in flowers opposite him, bloomed like spring eternal, eying Will with anticipation.

"You were right," Will said, letting his fork clatter onto the empty plate. "I've found my new favorite."

Hannibal's expression bordered on bashful. "I'm happy to hear that."

Will pushed his chair back from the table but remained seated. "Come here," he said, not holding back the hunger in his eyes.

Hannibal rose slowly, walking the length of the table and rounding the corner with practiced elegance. The haori swayed around him as he came to a stop at Will's chair

"Did you buy this just for me?" Will asked, ghosting his fingers up the back of Hannibal's thighs. "Be honest."

Hannibal was blushing again. It should have felt ridiculous but it didn't. "Yes."

"You're beautiful," Will whispered. He pushed his hands up until they rested against the flesh of Hannibal's bare ass. Without another word he dropped to his knees next to the chair, pushed the fabric of the haori away, and took Hannibal's half-hard length into his mouth.

"Will," Hannibal groaned, threading fingers in Will's hair.

Will moaned around him as Hannibal grew fully hard in his mouth. His heart fluttered so fast he thought it would take flight and burst from his chest. What was he doing? Certainly it was unwise to suck your psychiatrist's cock at brunch. But Hannibal was groaning louder now, tugging Will's hair roughly by the root as he fucked into his mouth, and Will couldn't conceive of stopping.

Will gagged as Hannibal thrust deep into his throat. His knees burned where they dug into the floor. He gripped Hannibal's ass hard enough to bruise and let Hannibal use his mouth until his hips began to falter. And then he was coming. Will swallowed, though some of Hannibal's release dribbled down his chin. Hannibal dropped to his knees at once and lapped it away.

"In the kitchen," Hannibal panted, whole body trembling. He could only manage two more words: "Olive oil."

Will didn't have to wonder for what Hannibal was asking. He fetched the oil and in the span of several frantic seconds got Hannibal down on his knees, ass in the air, haori pushed high on his back. He dribbled oil down Hannibal's crack and on his own fingers. Hannibal fucked back as Will pushed one slick digit in, following with a second soon after. When he worked his way up to three, Hannibal was all but begging.

The room was spinning around them as Will shoved his pants down, slicked his cock, and pushed into Hannibal with a shallow thrust. He fucked Hannibal with no shortage of

desperation, bunching the haori up in his hands, burying his face between Hannibal's shoulders. Flowers bloomed and blurred in his vision. His orgasm struck like a late summer storm, torching their garden and setting them both ablaze.

They collapsed on the floor in a heap of their own mess. "I guess," Will huffed, trying to calm his breathing. "I guess this is a day of new favorites."

Hannibal's eyes were closed and he was smiling, reaching blindly for Will's face. "This day has only just begun."

The Condom is a Metaphor

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: (season 2 Will would make Hannibal use a condom. A little ‘fuck you’ while actually fucking.)

Hannibal had Will pressed face down into the mattress. “Use a condom,” Will groaned. The hand that had been resting between his shoulders pulled away, leaving Will cold.

“Is that really necessary?”

“It is if you want to fuck me.”

There was movement behind him, rustling at the far side of the room. Will had his eyes squeezed shut with no intention of letting them open. His pulse was a distant, hollow rush, filling his ears with static. He gripped the sheets, focusing on the tick of the bedside clock.

“Will you at least allow me to see your face?”

Will sighed, but soon relented. He flipped onto his back and allowed Hannibal to shove a pillow beneath his hips. In the dim light, Hannibal’s eyes shone black, gaze locked with Will’s as he rolled the condom on.

Hannibal had spent the better part of an hour prepping Will for penetration, and with the help of copious lubrication their bodies slotted together with ease. He’s not really inside, he’s not really inside me, Will thought, repeating it in prayer. He turned his face from Hannibal and pressed it into the pillow.

Hannibal took Will in hand, stroking him to agonizing release, the whole world glowing carmine behind his fluttering eyes. Hannibal followed soon after, filling the condom, fingers slipping in the mess spilled up to Will’s chest.

They were silent then, the room echoing ragged breaths and the hearth roaring with flame. Hannibal fell back onto his heels and tore the condom away, tying it off with shaking fingers. He gazed at Will one last time before getting to his feet and stumbling to the corner, throwing the condom away and curling up in a chair. Will lay there in the half-light, alone and shivering.

The Condom is a Metaphor Part 2

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: djdhksahdja that condom fic deserves a sequel where will does in fact let hannibal fuck him without a condom and that's relevant

Hannibal unpacked his shopping bags in silence, gliding from cabinet to counter in a practiced dance. He filled a bowl with golden apples and set it by the sink, and next to the bowl he placed a box no bigger than a deck of cards.

Later, as Hannibal busied himself in the yard, Will took the box in hand. A twelve-count pack of condoms cradled in his palm like a question.

—

“I threw them in the trash,” Will said at dinner.

Hannibal could only nod, pouring himself another glass of wine.

—

They didn’t talk for days, eating meals separately and sleeping in their own quiet corners of the house. Then, in the middle of a storm-battered night, they nearly collided in the hall.

“It’s not because I don’t want to,” Will said between cracks of thunder. “The opposite, really.”

Hannibal’s eyes lit blue with lightning. “May I come to your bed?” he asked, gazing down at his feet.

“No,” Will said. “I have a better idea.”

—

Rain pattered off the roof of the veranda, falling down into the yard in thin sheets. Will covered the floor in a thick layer of blankets, tossing the pillows from both their beds into the heap.

“You can have me if you want,” Hannibal said, setting a bottle of lubrication next to their makeshift nest. Thunder roared, and for a moment the whole world glowed white.

“I’d like that. Later. But right now…” Will began stripping off his clothes, tossing them back into the house through the open doors. “I want you inside me.”

They stripped in unhurried silence, the warm summer air rushing in gusts across their skin. The sky continued to rumble and pour. Will lay on the blankets and spread his thighs open wide.

“Go slow,” Will whispered, running fingers through Hannibal’s hair.

Hannibal settled between Will’s legs and slotted their mouths together, kissing him deep and languid. The sky opened above, gushing rain in hard spurts that drummed like frantic hooves against the roof. Hannibal mouthed his way down Will’s body, stopping to lavish his nipples with long swipes of his tongue, sucking them to hard nubs.

Settled down between his thighs, Hannibal pushed Will’s knees back to his chest, spreading him wide. He nosed back behind Will’s balls, then began to lick him open as the storm raged on. He took his time, minutes dripping by as Will’s moans joined the cacophony of rain and thunder.

“If I didn’t know better,” Will huffed out a laugh that rolled into a moan, “I’d think you were trying to make me come like this.”

Hannibal smiled and pulled away, then began to finger Will open until the storm had passed. When finally, finally he pressed himself inside, they were both already so close, teetering on the edge. It didn’t last long, the symphonic rocking of their bodies together. Hannibal thrust his hips slow and shallow; Will stroked his own cock as it leaked against his belly.

Will came first, orgasm spilling out in lazy spurts as he cried into the night. Hannibal fell with him soon after, filling Will with the warmth of his release before collapsing against his chest. They tangled together breathing, laughing, sighing into each other’s necks.

“It’s beautiful,” Will whispered into Hannibal’s hair, smiling.

“Yes,” Hannibal said, breathless. “Yes.”

the peasant and the prince

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Young Prince Hannibal is rescued by Hunter/Peasant Will.

The prince, they said, had turned in the night. And how the townspeople whispered. Great antlers twisted from his head in a sickening crown. His flesh had shriveled inky black. Prince Hannibal Lecter, they swore, had clawed a guard half to death before being locked away in the castle's highest tower. Their beloved future king more beast now than man.

For his part, Will refused to accept it.

Their affair had begun suddenly and in secret. A prince consorting with a peasant was not to be tolerated. But Hannibal liked to wander the forest where Will hunted every morning. Their paths, it seemed, were destined to tangle together.

And Will's hands came to know the prince's form as well as the curve of his own bow. Every line and jut of bone. Secrets whispered softly between parted lips and thighs. Their cries of love and pleasure joined the melange of songs of the forest.

"One day, all of this will be mine," Hannibal promised often. "And on that day, you shall be always by my side."

These words echoed in Will's mind as he waited for night to fall. Then, with great caution, he stepped from the shadows and slipped twin arrows quick as thunder cracks into the necks of the tower guards. Blood spurted from them in a great, gasping flood that ruddied Will's boots as he stepped over them to begin his ascent.

He'd snatched the ring of keys from one of the guards and, the last of a hundred steps behind him, fumbled with one after the next until, finally, the lock of the iron door snapped open. It was only then that Will's heart began to pound. The door creaked like an animal caught in a trap as Will slowly pushed it open. Inside, the room was dark, the only point of light the sliver of moon shining through the single square of a window.

"Hannibal?" Will whispered, his soles sticky with blood as he crossed the threshold. "It's me. I'm here to–"

Twin points of crimson shone through the dark. Eyes, Will knew, glowing like the final breaths of embers snuffed out from a flame. The sight of them stole Will's breath away. Over the frantic thud of his own heart, a low growl began to cut through.

"Hannibal." Somehow Will's legs propelled him forward. His heart beat so fast he was choking on it. "I don't care what you are. I don't believe what they're saying about you. I

don’t care…”

Will reached out a trembling hand. His prince–his Hannibal–would still be there, no matter his earthly form. Beneath the flickering glow of his new eyes, the soul of his beloved remained. “I don’t care what you are,” he repeated, a new mantra. “I don’t care. Come to me. Hannibal…”

Outside, clouds rolled in to block out the moon. Within the cold stone walls of the tower, the prince began to move. Lumbering forward, he scooped Will up and into his arms. Will reached out blind until his hands wrapped around what he instantly knew to be antlers.

“I know you’re in there,” Will whispered against his ear, the curve of which still felt entirely human. “Hannibal. Say something.”

“Will you come away with me? Now. Tonight.” Hannibal’s voice was that same lyrical cadence Will had come to know so well. His prince. His Hannibal.

“Yes,” Will said, without hesitation. “Where else would I go?”

the cop and the surgeon

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Oooh! How about a cop!WIll/Surgeon!Hannibal ficlet

Will sat beneath the sickly yellow glow of waiting room fluorescents. The boy's blood was still spattered in spots on his hands. He connected the dots like constellations with the point of his finger, listless, but shot to his feet the moment the surgeon pushed through the double doors. His name tag read Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

"Mr. Tier?"

"Uh, no. Will Graham. I was the first officer on the scene. We tried contacting his parents with no luck so… here I am." In all honesty, Will had no idea why he was there. At the time, it seemed like the thing to do.

"I see. The boy is stable, though lucky to be alive considering. It's not every day we're tasked with piecing back together a tiger's midnight snack. Have you been able to determine how young Randall accessed the zoo after hours to begin with?"

"Jumped the fence, I would assume. Then jumped another."

Dr. Lecter half-smiled. "And do we have any theories as to why he would do such a thing?"

"Death wish. Why else would a kid jump right into the jaws of a beast?"

"Perhaps he thought he could tame him."

Will eyed Dr. Lecter with curious intent. His eyes shone with spots of carmine and crimson. "When he's awake, I'll need to talk to him."

"Of course," Dr. Lecter agreed. "Come back in the morning, Mr. Graham. Perhaps I'll see you then."

—

The next morning Will questioned a half-conscious Randall Tier, and walked back out into the hall no more informed than he'd been walking in. Rounding the corner, Will nearly collided with Dr. Lecter.

"Sorry." Will's hands shot out to prevent the collision and landed squarely on the doctor's shoulders.

“Mr. Graham. Have you been to see Randall? I was just finishing my rounds.”

“I just left him. Gave me nothing. It’s okay though, I don’t think the zoo is pressing charges.”

“I’d say he’s learned his lesson, would you not?”

“I don’t know. Maybe not. Maybe he’ll just go right back and do it again.”

“I’ll recommend a therapist. Would you care to join me for coffee?”

Will became suddenly aware of how close they were standing. He lived his life trying to avoid such intimacies. Now, he wasn’t quite sure he wanted this to end. “Sure,” he said. “I’d love to.”

—

They sat on a bench outside the hospital, drinking coffee Dr. Lecter had poured from his own thermos into styrofoam cups. After a few moments filled with easy conversation, he insisted that Will call him Hannibal.

“Only if you stop calling me Mr. Graham,” Will said, laughing.

“Of course.” Hannibal smiled. “Do you see this sort of thing often?” he asked, squinting against the sun.

“Most suicidal people swallow pills or a bullet. Have to say this is a first. How about you?”

“Dogs and house cats can do their fair share of damage. Once, I tended to a man nearly blinded by a racoon. Nothing quite like this.”

“You did a good job on his face,” Will said, almost absently.

“Still, the scarring will be significant.”

Hannibal shifted and his knee knocked against Will’s thigh. The contact was hot and quick and brilliant. Will took a sip of coffee and held onto it for a moment, rolling the burn around on his tongue.

“You make good coffee, too,” was all he could think to say.

“Thank you. If you have the time, I’d love to get your opinion on how I am at dinner.”

Will’s face grew hot, a blush that spread up to the tips of his ears. “This your way of asking me on a date?”

“That depends. Would you like it to be?”

Will only had to consider his words for a moment. “Yes,” he said, grinning. “I would like that very much.”

Happy Birthday

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: could I please request some fluff, smut or smutty fluff involving one of them trying to keep their birthday from everyone or thinking that people have forgotten it (prob pre-established relationship), and the other finding out and doing something lovely to let them know someone remembered.

Will sat alone in the darkened classroom. He stretched his legs out and his knees creaked and ached. He thought of the tin man begging for oil and laughed. Forty came in like a draft, and seemed determined to leave him in whispered silence.

He let his eyes fall shut. When they opened again, Hannibal was halfway across the room, cradling a small cake beneath a bell jar in his hands.

“Happy birthday,” he drawled, setting the cake down on Will’s desk.

“Dr. Lecter. How did you know?”

“I have your birthday on file, as with all my patients.”

“You make all of them cakes, too?”

Hannibal smiled. “That is reserved for friends. May I ask why you’re sitting alone in the dark on your birthday?”

“Only if I can ask how you knew I’d still be here to begin with.”

“Perhaps I know you better than either of us realize.”

Will watched Hannibal in silence for a moment. He walked over to the row of chairs nearest the desk and plucked one up, then sat down next to Will. From his bag he produced two forks.

“Aren’t you going to sing and light a candle?” Will smiled, mouth watering as Hannibal uncovered the cake and handed him a fork.

“Would you like me to?”

“Did you actually bring candles?”

“I did not.”

“I have a flashlight on my keyring. Maybe I can just shine it on the cake while you hum.”

Hannibal was smiling bigger than Will thought possible. “I’ll light a candle for you later. At dinner.”

“I get dinner, too?”

“If you have the evening to spare, I will gladly cook anything your heart desires.”

Will stared down at the chocolate roses bursting from the center of the cake. Hannibal had painted the tips with a dusting of gold. “Does that make this an appetizer or dessert?”

“It’s whatever you’d like it to be. It’s your birthday, after all.”

Will’s chest swelled and his heart stuttered. “Thank you, Dr. Lecter.”

“You’re welcome.”

The two of them cut into the cake at once, bringing sweetness to their lips like one figure caught in his own mirror image. Will moaned around his fork, but whether it was for the taste, or the pleasure of the moment, he couldn’t say for sure.

and he remembered

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Hannigram + temporary amnesia?

Will woke to a blur of sun blotting out his vision. Sheer curtain panels fluttered across an open window. There was a strange tightness in his cheek, and an ache that spread from shoulder to chest. When he tried to move, he realized his leg was broken.

“Hello?” he said, absent, looking down at the splint holding his leg in a stiff line. The room was papered in a delicate floral pattern. He had never seen it before.

A man–strangely handsome, sharply dressed, elegant–entered through the open door. “You’re awake,” he said with a half-smile.

“Who are you? Where am I?”

The man cocked his head and frowned. “You don’t remember?”

“No.”

“Do you at least know who you are?”

“Will Graham.”

“And what is the last thing you remember?”

Will closed his eyes and searched his well of memory. Dogs and wet grass. The sputter of his ancient coffee machine. Wolf Trap in all its quiet, unchanging brilliance.

“I went to sleep in my own bed. I was in Wolf Trap, Virginia.” It occurred to Will just then that he should panic, but his body wouldn’t allow it.

The man sat in an armchair near the window. “I see. And you have no idea who I am.”

“No. The look on your face says that I probably should.”

The man was quiet for some time and then, “You’ve been in an accident,” he said. “We were in an accident together.”

There were deep, angry gashes on the backs of the man’s hands. “What sort of accident?”

“The sort we shouldn’t have survived. You should eat, perhaps it will come back to you.”

Will leaned back against the headboard. He was very tired, though he'd perhaps been sleeping for days. "I don't know that I'm hungry right now."

"I'll fix you something anyway," the man said, walking toward the door, watching Will carefully from the corner of his eye.

"Wait," Will said before the man disappeared. "What's your name?"

"Hannibal," he said. "Hannibal Lecter."

—

The name rang clear and brilliant, though not of recognition. It was something planted deeper, etched in viscera and fettered deep beneath his bones. Will would have googled the name, but there was no technology around, not even a rotary telephone. Wherever they were, it was a place not meant to be found.

Hannibal served him vegetable broth. "If you can keep this down, I'll make you something better," he promised, watching Will sip from his trembling spoon.

"It's good. Thank you."

"Are we hiding from someone?" Will asked when the broth was almost gone.

"Yes."

"We did something terrible," Will said, and it was not a question. "Do you want me to know?"

"I'd rather you remember on your own than I tell you."

"Was it that bad?"

"Memories that are your own are different from the stories you're told. What happened is too important to be the latter."

"And what if I never remember?"

Silent, Hannibal turned and gazed out the open window.

—

"I remember sitting across from you in room with long windows," Will said when three days had passed. "The curtains were striped red, and we drank wine the same color."

"My office in Baltimore. We spent many evenings there."

"I can't tell if this is a happy memory." Will searched Hannibal's face for an answer, grasping at the shine of his eyes. "I think it's probably more complicated than happy or sad."

"I was happy," Hannibal said. "Every moment we were together."

—

On the seventh day, Will traced a finger over his abdominal scar and remembered, in fragments and gasps, that fateful night in Hannibal's kitchen.

"Why did you kill that girl?"

"Her name was Abigail," Hannibal said while examining Will's fractured leg.

"She was someone that I loved."

"Yes."

"Are you someone that I love?"

Hannibal's fingers stilled against the curve of Will's calf. "That is my greatest hope."

—

Hannibal came back to Will in shards fitted together with gold. Kintsugi of the mind.

"I remember watching you through the glass," he said when a month had passed. His leg was healing well.

"And do you remember how you felt?"

Beneath Will's ribs, a dull ache began to bloom. "I wanted to touch you. Crawl in with you."

"There is no glass between us now."

Will reached for Hannibal's hand, and he remembered.

i want to hit you

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: "I want to hit you." (For the last two weeks of my theatre class, we've been writing a series of monologues that all start with this line, so I'd love to see where you go with it!)

“I want to hit you,” Will said, turning from the window to Hannibal. “I had a dream about it last night.”

“You still fantasize about killing me. After all these years.”

“No. I don’t want to kill you anymore. Tried that too many times already.”

“Open hand or closed?”

“Open, I think,” Will said. “I don’t expect for you to let me do it.”

Hannibal smiled then. “Do you recall what I once told you about your instincts?”

Hannibal’s words echoed in from the past, flooding the halls of Will’s mind. “How could I forget? But certainly all intimacies have their limits.”

“Not with us. Would you like to do it now, or after dinner?”

Will reached up to trace the slope of Hannibal’s cheek with his fingers. “Now, if you’re so eager.”

Hannibal gave a nod and closed his eyes. Will continued to caress Hannibal’s face a moment before pulling away. He breathed in deep, exhaling slow. When the flat of his palm made contact, the sound of it echoed throughout the room. Skin on skin, burning deep.

The crimson streak formed on Hannibal’s cheek was warm when Will dared to touch it. Beneath his lips, it was even warmer still. In the afterglow of ache, Hannibal’s eyes shone.

“You enjoyed that more than I did,” Will said.

“But you enjoyed it very much.”

Will smirked. “Not as much as I enjoyed this,” he said, pressing his lips to Hannibal’s burning skin.

cockslut hannibal

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: I need more cockslut Hannibal in my life. Is there any way you can bless me with this?

“Are you still fantasizing about killing me?” Hannibal asked, almost absently.

Will turned his gaze from the window back to Hannibal. “We’ve discussed my fantasies plenty, doctor,” he said. “I’m far more interested in hearing yours.”

Hannibal’s gaze grew heated. The sunset light filtering through the window burned red and gold. “An active imagination may fantasize about many things.”

“I’m not asking about many things. I’m asking about your fantasies involving me.”

Hannibal was quiet, watching Will. Outside, the sun’s last rays turned the world to blood. “I dream of the day you know your power,” he said “I’ve pictured it so completely there are times I can taste it.”

Will smiled. “And how do I taste?”

“Empyreal. Bright and clean on my tongue.”

Will’s hand fell to his crotch. He squeezed and Hannibal was visibly shaken. “I want you to close your eyes, Dr. Lecter. Imagine what you would like to happen.”

Hannibal did.

—

A week passed. They didn’t talk about it.

“I’ve made a decision,” Will said at their next session, “to indulge one of our fantasies. In a way…”

Hannibal remained quiet, listening. Will crossed to the desk and perched on the edge. Hannibal’s gaze swept from his feet to his middle. Will beckoned Hannibal with a quirk of his brow.

Hannibal approached, eyes trained on Will’s arousal through his slacks. He stood before Will, awaiting instruction.

“I want you to admit what you want. Plainly. Say the words.”

Hannibal crowded into Will’s space, gripping the edges of the desk. “I want to taste you, more than figuratively.” His voice dropped to a low hum. “I’d like to use my mouth on you, here and now.”

Will laughed, dark and low. “I’m not going to let you do that. Not yet at least.”

Hannibal visibly swallowed, face close enough to Will’s for their breath to mingle. “What will you allow?”

“Use your hands. Nothing more.”

Will leaned back on his hands, pushed his hips out. Hannibal dropped to his knees and began working open Will’s fly, tugging his pants and underwear down. Will moaned when Hannibal took him in hand, relief washing over him in waves with the first unhurried stroke.

Hannibal’s eyes were shining. He licked his lips and watched Will’s cock glide through his hand like a man possessed. Hannibal used his other hand to massage Will’s balls. It would have felt almost clinical if it hadn’t pulled such filthy sounds from them both.

“Make me come,” Will groaned, rolling his hips in time with Hannibal’s strokes. “That’s it. Yes. Fuck.”

Hannibal pulled Will’s orgasm from him with skill and precision, milking his cock of every drop until it dripped from his fist to the floor. Will white-knuckled the edge of the desk. Hannibal’s face twitched with hunger and desire, eyes trained on the mess painting his fingers.

“Go on then,” Will said, panting, tucking himself back into his pants. “Taste.”

Hannibal lapped at Will’s release, slowly at first, then with increasing hunger, sucking each finger into his mouth with a moan. He rubbed at himself through his slacks as he feasted, his own orgasm shuddering through him as he took the final drop into his mouth.

After, Hannibal excused himself to change. Will stood at the window waiting, watching the sun fizzle into twilight, and when he returned they took their seats across from one another.

“So, tell me doctor, how did that make you feel?”

“I feel as though all of my fantasies are finally coming true.”

“Yes,” Will said, eyes shining dark. “I think that maybe they are.”

hill of crosses

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Have you seen the hill of crosses in Lithuania? Very cool and I'd love to imagine Hannibal and Will there

A hundred thousand crosses reached toward the heavens, the oldest of them bent in supplication. Stone saints and their upturned hands. Hannibal in the distance, the brim of his hat blocking out the lines of his face.

Will made his way to where Hannibal stood, fingers trailing along the beads of a rosary limply hanging from a crucifix. “You came here with Mischa,” he said. Hannibal hadn’t said a word since their arrival on the hill.

“Once. My parents were still with us. My mother was deeply religious. There were far fewer crosses then.”

The hill was unusually deserted for such a site of pilgrimage. Hannibal turned his back and walked on. Will watched as he ascended the hill, approaching twilight casting his shape in shadow. He thought of kissing Hannibal here, for the first time, turning ghosts into shades of the future.

At the top of the hill now, though it wasn’t very far, Hannibal appeared to reach the sky. The sun a thin yellow line on the horizon, Hannibal turned around, reaching out a hand, drawing Will toward him.

tramp stamp

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Will has a tramp stamp and Hannibal finds it

“Will?”

“Yes?”

“You never mentioned that you had a tattoo.”

Will groaned and buried his face in his pillow. “I honestly forgot I even had it. Not exactly a spot I see on a regular basis.”

The faded ink covered an area approximately two inches across. A black paw print, of course. Hannibal traced it with his finger. “Would you care to share the story?”

“I was drunk. It was Mardi Gras. I was dating someone who encouraged too many of my bad ideas.”

Hannibal smiled. “It would seem you have a type.”

“You wouldn’t have liked her. Are you going to get on with the massage now?”

“Of course,” Hannibal said, though he remained still, straddling Will’s thighs, hands resting at the small of his back. “Aren’t you curious about mine?”

Will laughed over his shoulder. “You have tattoos?”

“Perhaps when I’m finished here, I’ll allow you to see for yourself.”

fawn fathers

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: hey love! i was wondering if you could maybe write a teeny tiny fluffy hannigram ficlet? my mom is in a hospital and i'm having some severe depression/anxiety episodes, so it would really help.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They came across the fawn as they walked the dogs in the fields behind Will's house. She was no more than a week out of the womb. The blood nearby told her story well. Her mother had been taken by hunters.

"What should we do?" Will turned to Hannibal.

"Certainly you're no stranger to strays."

Will laughed. "I'm no stranger to dogs."

Winston sniffed the little deer. The rest of the pack looked to Will, frozen. Hannibal's eyes too fell on him.

Will sighed. "Let's take her back to the house."

The fawn allowed Will to scoop her into his arms. She rested her head on his shoulder as they trudged through the field toward the house. In the corner of his eye, Will could see Hannibal smiling.

Back in his own yard, Will laid the fawn down in the grass. She watched Will with her dark and shining eyes. No fear, grateful to have been found.

"She's going to need milk," Will said, performing a quick search on his phone. "Goat, apparently."

Hannibal went into town for the milk and Will sat in the grass with the fawn, the dogs gathering to sniff her all over. Will ran his hands along the skinny slope of her back, connecting the white spots that painted her with the tips of his fingers.

Soon enough, Hannibal returned, a carton of goat milk and a bottle in hand. He had it filled almost as soon as he'd stepped from the car.

"Here you are," Hannibal said, sitting next to Will and presenting the bottle.

"Thank you."

Will could feel Hannibal eying him intently as he presented the bottle to the fawn. She sniffed at the nipple and, at the first drop of milk dripping from the tip, hungrily took it into her mouth to suckle.

“She’s going to be alright,” Hannibal said, leaning in, his knee knocking right up against Will’s.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve cared for something so helpless. Most of my dogs have come to me as adults.”

“I’m happy to help however I can.”

Will watched Hannibal watching the fawn suckle. He smiled. “Thank you.”

“There’s no need to thank me,” Hannibal said, meeting Will’s eyes. “We are her fathers now.”

Chapter End Notes

CuriousCanvas did some lovely art inspired by this fic. Check it out here.

Upon Waking

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.
>
> Original prompt here

Will wakes to the sound of rustling paper. Uncertain where he is, his heart begins to race, his last memory before the world faded to black the cold press of Cordell's scalpel into his flesh.

Grounded by familiar surroundings, he realizes he is back in Wolf Trap, back in the comfort of his own bed. Through the dimly-lit dark he sees Hannibal seated in an armchair at the foot of his bed, pencil gliding smoothly over paper.

Hannibal's hand stops, dropping his pencil and pressing it between the pages of the notebook. He places it on the floor when he catches Will's gaze, quietly standing before perching on the edge of the bed.

Will flinches only slightly when Hannibal touches his cheek, then his forehead, inspecting his wounds. The touches are clinical and tender, but if Will had more energy he would be tempted to lean into the warmth of his hands.

They don't speak. Hannibal gazes into his eyes and Will doesn't know if he wants to laugh, or cry, or scream at him to leave and never come back. He is so very tired, so he settles for silence instead.

Hannibal takes his hand, gently cradling it in his own. Will is too weak to pull away, is uncertain if he even wants to, something inside him still reaching out for the attentions of the monster who left him bleeding on his kitchen floor. The beast who wanted to devour him. The man who saved him when someone else dared to try and take his life.

The soft glow of lamplight forms half a halo around Hannibal's head. In Will's mind's eye the other half takes the shape of claws and teeth, twisted antlers suspended on a sunbeam.

In Will's mind's eye a teacup gathers itself back up again, the sound of hooves on pavement rattling inside his head. The kettle sings, a raven-black stag snuffing at his neck as sleep pulls him down again. Hannibal's warm presence remains beside him, enveloping him in the safety of the dark.

Safe, for now, deep inside the belly of the beast. Safe, for now, tucked tight inside the coil of Il Mostro's tail.

Cheeto Dust

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.
>
> Original prompt here.

"Oh my god." Will blinks, dumbfounded by what he's seeing.

"Will," Hannibal says over the rustle of plastic, a bag being shoved down into the sofa cushions. "I didn't expect you to be back so soon."

"The market was closed. They had a fire in one of the storerooms." Will just stares. "Were you…"

"No."

"Are those cheetos?"

"If there are cheetos anywhere in this house, they're certainly not mine."

"Why are you licking your fingers?"

"I was eating truffles earlier, made quite a mess of myself."

"You just licked cheeto dust from your fingers, Hannibal." Will is grinning from ear to ear as he plops down beside him. "There are orange crumbs in your lap."

Hannibal quickly runs his hands over the front of his pants, trying to cover up the evidence despite Will staring right at him. He goes to stand, but Will catches his wrist and pulls him back down beside him.

"Don't be embarrassed."

"What would I have to be embarrassed about?" Hannibal remains stoic, but his discomfort is obvious.

"Hannibal." Will holds back a laugh. "It's okay. I saw you. You don't need to lie. I—"

"Will—"

"It's actually kind of sexy."

“You find eating low quality, high calorie food covered in fake powdered cheese sexy?”

“When it’s you I do.” Will smiles. “I imagine this is what it would be like for a normal person to catch their spouse masturbating.”

Will reaches over Hannibal’s lap, retrieving the crumpled bag from where Hannibal has tried to conceal it. He pops one in his mouth, taking another and holding it up to Hannibal’s lips.

“Put it in your mouth.” Will rubs it across his bottom lip as he tries to turn his head away.

“Will. Stop.” Hannibal presses his lips tightly together.

“I can smell them on your breath.” Will says incredulously. “Come on, let me see you eat just this one.”

Hannibal stares at him for a moment before tentatively taking the cheeto between his teeth, orange flecks of cheese falling into the corner of his mouth as he devours it.

“Are you happy now, Will?”

“God, Hannibal,” Will says, straddling his lap, kissing him deeply. “Tell me about all the horrible food you eat when no one else can see you.”

Clarity

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.
>
> Original prompt here.

“Do we talk about it now, or do we dance around the unspoken knowledge until it suffocates us both?”

“I don’t know what you want me to say.” Will winces as the needles slips beneath his skin, Hannibal’s deft fingers working to close the deep gash just below his collarbone.

“You tried to kill us, Will,” Hannibal says calmly, almost amused. “What were you thinking?”

“I don’t know that I was thinking.” Will stares down at the neat row of sutures blossoming on his skin. “It was just calm. Clarity.”

“You saw the beauty of your becoming. Of our becoming, together.” Hannibal says, steady hands continuing their work, gaze darting up to meet Will’s only briefly. “The chrysalis has shattered, the sight of your own wings frightening. The reality of your transformation both magnificent and devastating.”

“I didn’t become anything, Hannibal.” Will sighs. “I am as I have always been.”

“You were a man wandering in the dark, then.” Hannibal snips the thread on the final suture. “Either way, you can see yourself now.”

“Yes.” Will traces the neatly sutured wound with his fingers. “And I see you.”

“When you look at me what do you see, Will?”

“I see myself.”

“And that is why you took yourself over the edge with me.”

“There are no discernible boundaries between us anymore.” Will shifts uncomfortably on the edge of the bed, exhaustion dragging him down, heavy on his limbs. “I couldn’t kill you, and I couldn’t watch you die. But the world may be better off without us in it.”

“But the world is more interesting with you in it, Will.” Hannibal asserts, perching on the bed beside him. “And you fought for life when the water did not take us. You helped drag me to shore.”

“I couldn’t leave you behind.”

Hannibal just stares at him then, the weight of Will’s words pressing into the lines around his eyes as he smiles softly, fingers splaying out on Will’s thigh, then squeezing firmly before he rises to his feet.

“You should get some rest.” Hannibal turns to leave him, but Will catches his wrist.

“Stay.” One simple word is all that Will can manage, but Hannibal doesn’t put up a fight.

I Forgive You

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.
>
> Original prompt here.

They crash right into each other, literally, Will rounding the corner too fast where Hannibal stands pressed against the stone wall. Will knows Hannibal could smell him coming from every direction. Perhaps he wanted it this way.

“Hello, Will.” His words flow smooth and easy, even as his hands tremble where they grasp awkwardly at Will’s elbows.

Will clutches the front of his shirt, fabric bunching in his fist as he pulls Hannibal closer, their noses nearly touching.

“You have to run.” Will’s voice shakes more than Hannibal’s fumbling hands.

“And so here we are again.”

“We can’t make the same mistakes as last time.” Will releases Hannibal’s shirt, pulling out of his grasp and taking a step back. “I’ll find you again. Go. Now.”

There is a long moment of silence, bodies unmoving, their breathing imperceptible in the vast and open darkness of the catacombs. Candlelight dances across their skin, shadows painting twisted features on their faces.

It would be so easy for Will to reach for his knife, sink it into Hannibal’s abdomen and open him up in kind. Leave him bleeding out in the dark, no flashing lights or sirens in the distance coming to his rescue. That’s what Jack would have him do.

“I forgive you,” Will says, finally.

“And if I don’t forgive you?”

“You do.” Will steps forward again, so close now that Hannibal’s breath ghosts across his lips. “I can feel it.”

And then Hannibal’s hands are on his face, fingertips digging into the line of his jaw. Hannibal’s mouth is pressed against his own before he even registers the way he's being swung around, body pressed in a tight line between Hannibal and the wall.

It’s desperate and messy and perfect, Will’s jaw aching from where Hannibal grips him tight, his own hands clutching at the back of Hannibal’s jacket. Hannibal kisses like he wants to devour, like he could unhinge his jaw at any moment and take Will completely inside him. Will wonders why it’s taken them so long to arrive at this moment, bodies melding as surely as their minds always have.

“Hannibal,” Will breathes against his lips, pulling away and pressing their foreheads together. “They are going to find you if you don’t get away.”

“Come with me.” Hannibal’s voice is pleading in a way Will never imagined hearing.

“You will slip away easier on your own. I will find you as soon as I can. I promise.”

Hannibal closes his eyes, breathing in Will’s scent before slowly pulling away, fingers trailing down the front of Will’s jacket as he turns, body swallowed up by shadows.

The Simplest Terms

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.
>
> Original prompt here.

"I love you," Will says, soap suds clinging to his elbows, hands swallowed up by dishwater.

Hannibal is drying wine glasses beside him, holding them up to the light, polishing them spotless. He gives Will a curious look, continuing his work as if no words have fallen from Will's lips at all.

"I just want you to know that," Will says, the silence between them growing claws, real enough to bruise.

Glass meets counter with a clink, the final one in a neat little row that nearly reaches the sink. Hannibal carefully folds his towel, setting it aside and placing the glasses in the cabinet one by one.

"Did I say something wrong?" Will dries his shaky hands, watching the soapy water swirl down the drain after he pulls the stopper.

"Love is simple," Hannibal says, finally, crowding Will against the counter.

"Are you saying you don't love me?"

"Not at all." Hannibal trails a hand across Will's face, fingers dragging against the coarse hair of his beard, coming to rest at his nape. "In the simplest terms it is what I feel for you."

"I was aiming for simplicity for once." Will buries his face in Hannibal's shoulder, smiling into the crook of his neck. "It's just something people say."

"Is it something you would like me to say?"

"Not if you don't mean it." Will pulls back, smiling again when he sees the softness in Hannibal's expression.

Hannibal kisses him then, lips supple and warm. Will sighs happily into Hannibal's mouth, hands trailing up the back of his shirt.

“I was perfectly content before you came along,” Hannibal says softly against his lips. “I never needed anyone.”

“Is this supposed to make me feel better?”

“Meeting you was the most profound experience of my life,” Hannibal continues, pulling back to meet Will’s gaze. “I can never return to who I was before that day.”

“I didn’t like you at first.” Will recalls their meeting in Jack’s office, the way Hannibal beamed during that split second of eye contact.

“I know,” Hannibal says, amused. “And I was undone right from the start.”

“You don’t have to say it.”

“Simply put, Will...” Hannibal pulls Will close, pressing a kiss into his hair when Will tucks his head beneath Hannibal’s chin. “I love you.”

“But nothing will ever be simple between us, will it?”

Hannibal goes silent then, nuzzling into Will’s hair, enveloping him in his embrace, the warmth of his body speaking volumes, etching love down into his bones.

Caesura

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.

What if we all left together?

Will can feel Hannibal's eyes on him, but it's more than just his gaze. Those eyes penetrate his skin, digging deep beneath his bones, looking through to darkened corners far beyond his soul. Hannibal's footsteps echo down the hallway of his mind like music, a litany of sorrow and regret.

The courtroom is always freezing. Will layers on three pairs of socks and wears thick sweaters beneath his suits, but his teeth still clack together and his fingers turn to ice. No one else seems to notice. Perhaps his blood has just run cold.

Like we were supposed to.

Lies of omission don't count in a court of law. Will is up to his knees in them, sloshing around in so much unspoken knowledge it threatens to pull him under like quicksand. He stitches together his version of events meticulously, truths like waves overflowing from his lips, drowning out all the jagged little pieces he's tucked away beneath his tongue.

Let the record never show that Will wanted to run away with him.

Where would we have gone?

He goes home every night to his little house in Wolf Trap. The walls feel like they're expanding and swallowing him up all at once, no longer his safe little boat on the sea. The lights only stand to illuminate his return to isolation.

He piles all the dogs in his bed, swaddled in warm fur and wet noses, but he still aches down to his marrow. He has the notebook on his bedside table, found abandoned on his front porch the night of the surrender. Pages filled with Hannibal's equations, a last ditch effort to gather the teacup together again. He clutches it to his chest in the dark, drifting off to dream of all that never was.

In some other world?

The trial stretches on for days, weeks, months. His time on the witness stand lasts a little over a week, but to Will it feels like a small eternity. Hannibal's gaze never leaves him, tracking him from the moment he enters, blurring the edges of his mind.

On Will's final day of testimony, he turns back before pushing through the doors, locking eyes with Hannibal for seconds that stretch on and on. This should be the end, the coda to their twisted composition, but it doesn't feel like a goodbye. Will forgets to breathe as he looks away, or perhaps Hannibal has stolen the air right from his lungs, a little something to tide him over until they meet again.

In some other world.

Wolf Trap is suddenly too warm, even in the dead of winter. Will needs to be chilled to the bone. Somewhere colder even than the courtroom, that's where he wants to be. A place to freeze away the last remaining sparks of the life that could have been.

Maine sounds lovely this time of year, all snow and ice and frost. He takes the dogs and a few small boxes half-filled with possessions, Hannibal's notebook abandoned on his bedside table. He drives all night to get there, locking rooms inside his mind as he crosses state lines, freezing memories in place.

Only You

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.
>
> Original prompt here.

Will hadn't even left their apartment intending to end up at a bar. He had simply needed to clear his head. Walking along the streets of Utrecht, he was drawn into the corner bar by the jazz band, choking down the urge to pull out his phone and call Hannibal to join him.

He's only finished half his glass of whisky when she approaches. Soft brown curls fall across her bare shoulders, eyes smiling as she offers to buy Will another round, first in Dutch, then again in English.

"No thank you," Will shouts over the music. "I shouldn't even be here."

"Do you want to get out of here then?" Her smile lights up her whole face, and the air around them. Her confidence is intoxicating. "My place is right around the corner," she says, and Will feels himself being so drawn to her, he nearly falls right off his stool.

Hannibal would never know, although he would certainly pick up her scent. She's standing so close to Will, her knee knocking against his thigh as she speaks, he's going to walk through the door smelling of her either way. It occurs to him that Hannibal should be the furthest thing from his mind, but as the beautiful woman with clear intentions continues to speak, he seems to be the only thing Will can think about.

"I'm sorry," Will says, rising to his feet. "But I can't."

She gives him a small smile before turning away. Will makes for the exit in a hurry, not bothering to down the rest of his drink.

"You've been drinking," Hannibal says as Will walks through the door. He inhales the air deeply as Will takes the seat next to him on the sofa. "Drinking with a woman."

"I had half a glass of whisky and I never even got her name."

"Do you wish you had?"

"She sure does." Will huffs out a laugh. "She was beautiful. So shockingly beautiful, Hannibal."

“Yet you didn’t even stay to finish your drink.”

“All I could think about was you,” Will says. “This beautiful woman was inviting me back to her home… And you were the only thing on my mind.”

Hannibal is silent, the slightest hint of a smile threatening to ruin the placid expression on his face. “Is that so?”

“I’m curious about something,” Will shifts his body closer, placing his hand on Hannibal’s knee. “Will you kiss me?”

Hannibal is stunned motionless for a moment, and then he slowly brings his hand up to cradle Will’s nape, thumbing at his ear as he leans in to press a chaste kiss to Will’s lips.

“More,” Will whispers against his mouth.

A nearly imperceptible growl rises up from Hannibal’s throat as he pulls Will in for a deep, languid kiss. Will moans into Hannibal’s mouth, wondering how something that feels this right has taken this long to blossom between them.

Remarkable

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.
>
> Original prompt here.

"I had a dream about you," Will says, glancing over his shoulder.

"Were you killing me?" Hannibal asks, joining Will near the window.

"No." Will squints against the late-afternoon sun spilling in through the curtains. "You put your mouth on me. On my neck. You sank your teeth in…"

"And how did that make you feel?"

"In the dream I didn't feel anything. Not until you kissed my mouth. I can still taste my own blood."

"How did it taste?"

Will turns to him. "Why don't you tell me," he says, leaning in until his lips are mere inches from Hannibal's own. "Maybe you'll catch a hint of it on my tongue."

Will fists the knot of Hannibal's tie, drawing him in the rest of the way. Hannibal tenses when Will presses their lips together, then slowly relaxes into it, licking into Will's mouth slow and easy.

"How does it taste?" Will whispers against his lips.

"Exactly the way I always imagined it would," Hannibal says, nuzzling into Will's cheek. "Remarkable."

The Wind of March

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.
>
> Original prompt here.

"Now is the hardest test," Hannibal says. "Not letting rage and frustration, nor forgiveness, keep you from thinking."

When Hannibal rises to his feet, Will catches his wrist. "There is nothing in this moment keeping me from thinking," he says. "Come here." Will pulls at Hannibal's arm until he sinks to his knees between his legs.

"Will…" Hannibal folds his hands in his lap, stunned silent as he gazes up into Will's eyes.

"I want to show you just how much I forgive you, Hannibal."

Hannibal gives him a small nod as Will reaches for his hands, bringing them up to rest against Will's thighs. Will is hard and straining against his zipper as Hannibal's hands roam higher, eyes locked on Will's face the entire time.

"May I?" Hannibal asks, groping at the front of Will's slacks.

"Yes." Will groans as Hannibal works to unbuckle his belt.

Hannibal's lips are on Will's leaking cock the moment he pulls him from his pants, slurping the head into his mouth, moaning as he takes Will as deep as he can with so much fabric still in the way.

"Allow me," Will lifts his hips, shoving them down around his knees, only hesitating momentarily to sit back down bared-assed on the bench. The gallery is practically deserted, but Will knows someone could still walk in at any time. At this point, he's too far gone with lust and aching desire to care.

He grips the back of Hannibal's head, bringing his mouth back down on his cock and thrusting in until he feels himself slide, slick and easy, down Hannibal's throat. Hannibal gags around him, but makes no effort to pull away. Instead, he grips Will's hips, opening up to the intrusion more and more with each fevered thrust.

Hannibal pins Will's hips to the bench, choking himself on Will's cock in a manner than borders on tender. He takes Will in slow and deep, the sweetest, tightest embrace Will has

ever known. The combination of filthy pleasure and such gentleness makes Will's chest ache.

Will comes gazing at Zephyrus through hooded eyes, orgasm biting him deep as the wind of March. Hannibal drinks him down, every last drop, gazing up at him like he's just found religion.

and it holds us together

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.
>
> original prompt here

Hannibal carries Will along the shoulder of the road, snow crunching beneath his stolen shoes, glancing back when he hears the rumble of an approaching engine. The car screeches to a halt, passenger door swinging wide open.

“Get in,” Chiyoh says from behind the wheel.

Hannibal stares at her until she gets out to open the rear door. He gently lays Will down on the backseat, then settles in beside him. Will’s head rests in Hannibal’s lap until they reach Wolf Trap.

Chiyoh wanders off to stare out across the flat fields when they reach the house. Will is groggy, but insists on trekking from the car to the front door himself. Hannibal bears the brunt of his weight, holding his arm as he takes the steps one-by-one.

Once inside, he helps Will shrug out of the blood-stained coat. Dazed and shirtless, Will collapses on the bed, curling in on himself, shivering. Hannibal wastes no time opening Will’s wardrobe, pulling out several shirts before deciding on the heavy flannel.

“You don’t have to,” Will mumbles as Hannibal gently pulls him upright, working the shirtsleeve onto his arm.

Will could accomplish this simple task on his own, even in his current drowsy state, but Hannibal isn’t doing this out of obligation. Without further protest, Will allows him to continue. He takes his time on the buttons, fingers lingering just a moment too long when he reaches the final one.

Hannibal tugs Will’s shoes off, neatly setting them aside. “Socks on or off?” he asks, hands wrapped around Will’s foot.

Will grumbles. “I can get a clean pair from the drawer.”

Hannibal silently makes his way to the dresser, retrieving the socks before returning to kneel at Will’s feet. The old pair has done nothing to keep out the cold, Will’s toes icy to the touch. Hannibal warms them with his hands.

“You don’t have to,” Will says, head lolling against his chest.

Hannibal gazes up at him, Will’s toes tucked inside his fingers. “I know.”

Hannibal dresses Will’s feet in the clean socks, then turns down the bed and helps him roll beneath the covers. Will is out the moment his head meets the pillow. Hannibal pulls up a chair, the first light of morning spilling in through the half-open blinds.

the tide pulls from the moon

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.
>
> original prompt here.

Graven between his navel and his heart, Hannibal's lips skim the scar tissue etched across Will's belly. "Is everything alright?" he asks.

Will lies on his back, one arm slung over his eyes. "I don't know."

"Would you like me to stop?"

"No," Will says, pushing himself up on his elbows to gaze down at Hannibal. "I called you in here for a reason."

"Your body and your mind are at odds," Hannibal says, fingers trailing just above the waistband of Will's boxers, his arousal evident through the tented fabric. "Which one would you like me to listen to?"

When Will doesn't answer, Hannibal crawls up the bed to lie beside him.

Will sighs. "I'm sorry."

"You have nothing to be sorry for," Hannibal says. "In many ways, killing is easier for you than intimacy."

"Not easier," Will says. "More certain."

"You're not uncertain, Will. If you were, I wouldn't have been invited to your bed tonight." Hannibal brushes the curls back from Will's eyes. "This is self preservation. Rejecting what you feel for me, even in some small way, is the last remaining thread tying you to your old life."

"I don't want my old life back," Will says, sitting up and leaning back against the headboard. "I don't know what I feel for you Hannibal. Not entirely."

"Don't focus on the entirety. Focus on the little that you know. What are you feeling in this moment?"

"Aroused."

“Good,” Hannibal says. “And would you like to do something about it?”

“No,” Will says. “But I would like for you to do something about it.”

“Tell me how.” Hannibal splays a hand across Will’s chest, pads of his fingers grazing Will’s nipples. “Tell me what you would like me to do.”

“Your mouth,” Will breathes out, slinking down to lie on his pillow. “I want your mouth.”

Hannibal settles between Will’s legs, mouthing at the hollow of his throat, planting kisses across the expanse his collarbone. He takes each of Will’s nipples in his mouth, teasing them with his tongue and teeth until Will is bunching the sheets in tight fists beneath him.

He mouths at Will’s arousal through the thin material of his boxers. He suckles at the head of Will’s cock agonizingly slow, only freeing him once he has the fabric completely soaked through. When Hannibal swallows him down, stars go supernova behind Will’s eyes, his body on the edge of bursting as well.

When he comes into the heat of Hannibal’s mouth, choking out a gasp into the night, the chaos inside his mind ebbs and fizzles out, his own beating heart and Hannibal’s ragged breathing the last remaining signs of life in the entire universe.

“And what are you feeling in this moment?” Hannibal asks, resting his head against Will’s shoulder.

“I don’t know,” Will says, huffing out a laugh. “I just know that I want you to stay with me tonight.”

in a room full of emptiness

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.
>
> original prompt on tumblr here.

The sting is bone-deep and endless, and for days on end it's all Will's mind can register. The whitecaps of ocean waves, a needle piercing flesh. Consciousness rolls in like the tide in a brilliant, blinding haze, bringing with it a shocking emptiness quivering inside his chest.

Days pass in a stumbling drip. Bloodless, his marrow turned to stone, Will can barely lift his head to see above the swell of blankets that envelope him. The room, wherever it may be, fills with shadows in the fog. He knows Hannibal is there, but Will can never see his face.

The pain ebbs and he can finally feel his own skin, every sensation amplified. Hannibal's touch is accompanied by an ever-present bite, a steady stream of medicine flushing through his veins. Such has been their time together, Will thinks, eking out a stitch of comfort to supplement the agony.

Will dragged them into the abyss, and perhaps that is where they will remain. Locked in a shapeless dance of anguish and pleasure fleeting with the brush of a hand.

Hannibal's words all sound like water lapping at his feet. Will responds in grunts and sighs. Some nights Hannibal sleeps beside him in the bed, their bodies aching parallel lines. He longs for the rush of salted air against his skin, the way Hannibal had clutched him ever-closer. The moment before impact had stretched itself through time, an endless loop of crushing bliss and limitless goodbyes.

Hold me, the words spring against Will's tongue but they cannot breach the surface. *You're a monster*, he thinks, *but I'm a monster too. I think I'd like to drown in this hell, where it's only you and I.*

Touch me, he thinks, *just this once, and let the ache subside.* He reaches out a hand, grasping, but a haze of smoke is all he finds.

"Please," he says, and his words are like a song. A longing, pitiful cry he hopes will be enough.

The bed dips and Hannibal curls up loose-limbed at his side, his presence hovering like a ghost. The first press of his warm hand sparks a blaze that Will is powerless to fight.

“Please,” Will sighs, straining to turn his head. He noses into Hannibal’s silken hair, an exhausting exercise that leaves him sinking like a stone.

I always imagined this would feel like teeth, he thinks, drifting into the heat radiating from Hannibal’s bones.

Perhaps the teeth will come in time, the backhand of a caress, just like they always have. Hannibal pulls him gently close, and although it is not enough, the groundless emptiness subsides.

that which we have buried

Chapter Notes

> Originally posted as a standalone fic. Moved here in an attempt to consolidate shorter prompts.
>
> original prompt here.

It was dark in the cemetery, the crescent moon overhead a distant silver glow. They crept down the path cut between towering stones and mausoleums, breath distilling to clouds on the air. Winter and her chill peeked out like claws.

Will shivered. “This is a bad idea,” he said, hands shoved deep in the pockets of his coat.

Hannibal’s shoes clacked on the pavement, smooth as frozen bone. “It was your idea.”

“Doesn’t mean it’s not a bad one.”

The freezing ground crunched beneath Will’s boots as he ventured out into the grass. “It’s here somewhere,” he said, clicking his little flashlight on.

“You remember this place well.”

“I used to come here a lot when he first passed. Told myself it was to feel closer to him… Really it was just an excuse to be alone.”

Will knelt down when his light caught sight of the plaque, weathered bronze sunken in the cold grass.

C. Graham
1942 - 1996

There was a near identical plaque beside it, shining and brand new.

W. Graham
1975 - 2015

Just below the date it was inscribed, *Beloved Husband and Father*.

Hannibal joined Will in the grass and ran his fingers along the words. “Beloved.”

Will clicked off the light. “Don’t tell me you’re jealous.”

“Is there something to be jealous of? I have you right beside me.” Hannibal reached over and took Will’s hand, stitching their fingers together. “Although I’m still not entirely certain why we’ve come here.”

“I just wanted to see it before we go. Not everyday you get to kneel over your own grave.”

“This is not a grave,” Hannibal said, eyes scanning the dark ground. “Shovels never broke the earth. There was nothing to bury.”

Will looked up at the moon, the thin sliver of it bowed between constellations. “Will Graham is dead.”

“As is Hannibal Lecter. Who will we become now?”

Will fell into the heat spilling from Hannibal’s side. “What we’ve already become,” he said. “Ourselves.”

They walked from the cemetery in silence. Will wondered how often Molly would make the trek from Maine to Wolf Trap to visit his barren grave. He wondered if she had wept over the ghost of his casket.

Hannibal kissed him when they reached the car, tongue dipping into Will’s mouth like the point of a flame.

Will pulled back and caught the reflection of stars in Hannibal’s blood-dark eyes. “There’s one more stop I’d like to make.”

—

They stopped at the end of the drive and switched off the headlights and the engine. All the windows were dark save for the kitchen, a glowing pinpoint beacon. Will had sold the house well below market value to a young couple expecting their first child before moving to Maine years previous.

The house had been his father’s.

Hannibal stared at him from behind the wheel. “Another grave to kneel upon?”

“No.” Will sighed. A light switched on in the upstairs bedroom. “There’s still life in this one.”

“So there is.”

Fog crept along the windows, clouding the view of the house through the windshield. Will turned to Hannibal. “If we die together, they’ll bury us apart.”

“We may have wills drawn up under our new identities, although it’s likely after death the truth will come to light.”

“If I go first,” Will said, voice aching, “don’t let them take me from you. Honor every part of me.”

Hannibal reached across and took Will’s hand. “Will you return the favor?”

Will brought Hannibal’s hand to his lips, kissed the bony knobs of his knuckles. “Yes.”

sweet dreams

Chapter Notes

original prompt here.

Will's monster-shaped dreams pulled him under, crushing him beneath the weight of black water. The ocean was like fire on his tongue. Creatures made of blood and bone emerged from the depths to devour.

Will woke panting, skin dripping and sticking to the sheets. A silent scream lodged in his throat. Hannibal stirred beside him, placed a hand over his racing heart.

"Another nightmare?"

Will reached over and clicked on the bedside lamp. He swiped his damp hair back from his brow. "Yeah," he sighed.

"Come here," Hannibal said, pulling Will into his arms. "Tell me."

Will nestled into Hannibal's chest, listening to the gentle, steady ticking of his heart. "Same as before. The water…"

"Be still, now. Try to slow your breathing." Hannibal rubbed circles into Will's back with his palm. "Listen to my heart. The sound of my voice. Are you listening?"

"Yes," Will said. Hannibal's voice spread through his body with warmth and rapture.

"Tell me the time. Where you are. Who you are."

Entirely unwilling to open his eyes or move Will said, "I can't see the clock."

"Just the last two then."

Will inhaled deep. His breathing had begun to slow. "I'm in Havana, Cuba. My name is Will Graham."

"You're here with me. Nothing can hurt you."

Will smirked. "To be fair, you could hurt me."

Hannibal pressed a kiss into Will's hair. "But I won't."

"I know you won't."

Will lay listening to Hannibal's heart, blood pumping between chambers, the sound of life filling his lungs and releasing again. Outside, a gentle wind rustled branches beneath a moonless sky.

"Rebirths are often painful," Hannibal said after a long silence. "Your dreams are forcing you to deal with a trauma you'd rather not address in waking life."

"And what exactly does my subconscious hope to gain from making me revisit this trauma, doctor?"

Will craned his neck to gaze up at Hannibal. He was smiling down with soft eyes. "Perhaps its hoping for you to take control."

"Take control of a nightmare?"

"Yes."

Will propped himself up on an elbow to meet Hannibal's gaze. "Fight the dream monsters? Tell them very firmly to leave me alone?"

"Your mind is capable of many things some might deem impossible."

"That's not exactly something I can control."

Hannibal caressed Will's cheek with the back of his hand. "Then rest with the knowledge that if you never defeat the monsters in your dreams, you'll wake to me right here, beside you."

Will took Hannibal into his arms then, pulling him into a deep and aching kiss. Tasting Hannibal on his tongue, Will knew his dreams were certain to be sweet.

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